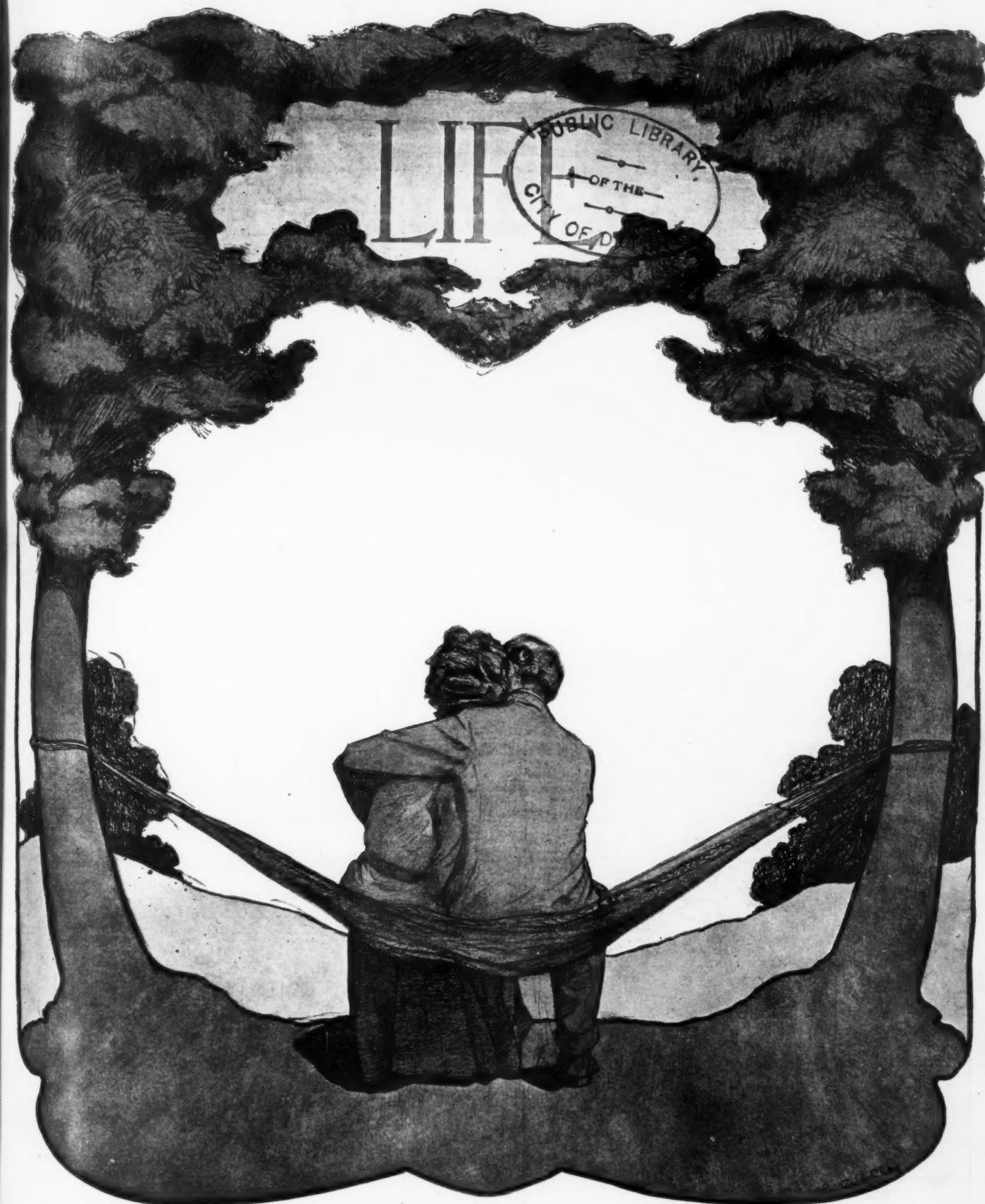


9, 1906

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1242

AUGUST 16, 1906

PRICE, TEN CENTS





That the structural strength of the Cadillac is much greater than ordinary service requires is shown in the fact that this machine was the only one found to stand the strain of "Leaping the Gap," as pictured above.

Either the axles or frame of all other machines tried bent under the heavy impact. With the

CADILLAC

Runabout shown (a regular stock car) the

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without the slightest damage to his machine.

While this proves nothing to the person who wants an automobile to meet ordinary conditions of road travel, it does show that the strength of the Cadillac is never found wanting, no matter what the test.

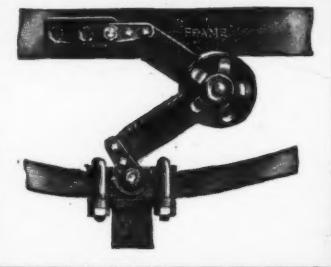
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Model K, 10 h.p. Runabout (shown above), \$750.

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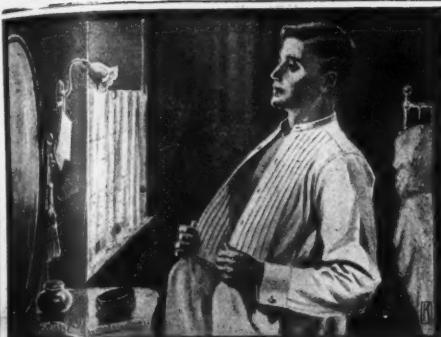
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THERE ARE COAT SHIRTS AND COAT SHIRTS
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Cluett COAT SHIRT

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Knapp-Felt DeLuxe \$6. Knapp-Felt
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OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

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Write us on your present letterhead for the Book of Specimens, showing OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, printed, lithographed and engraved on letterheads, checks and other business forms, or ask your printer for it.

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For length of flight and for putting, it is unequalled.

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Obtainable Everywhere

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class Piano
should
not fail
to examine
the
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THE WORLD RENOWNED SOHMER

It is the special favorite of the refined and cultured musical public on account of its unsurpassed tone-quality, unequalled durability, elegance of design and finish. Catalogue mailed on application.

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SURPASSES ALL OTHERS**
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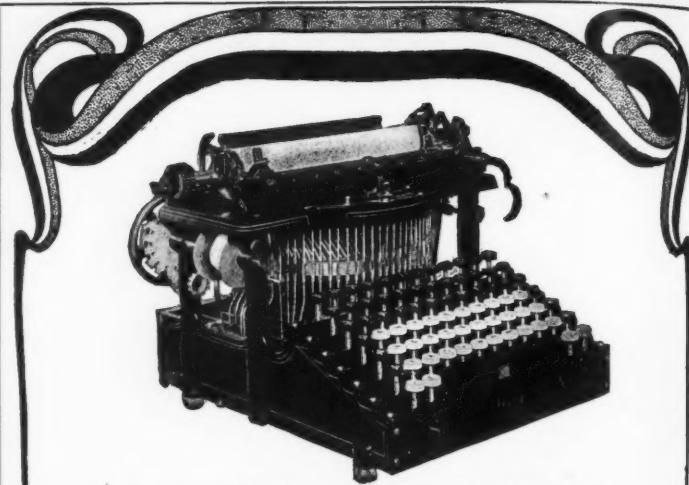


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An unshaven or badly shaven face is a drawback to a man's business success. A clean shave is not only a matter of little expense, but little time, provided the best soap is used. The creamy, soothing, anti-septic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap insures the greatest comfort, economy and satisfaction.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4c. in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick, or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

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Do not underestimate the value of red emphasis in your letters. It commands attention not to be secured in any other way.

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

puts in the red while writing your letters in purple copying or non-fading black.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier Models
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,
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BRANCH STORES EVERYWHERE

J. & F. MARTELL

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FINE OLD
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GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agent
G. S. NICHOLAS
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Decoration

*I*8 the addition of beauty to use. It is what makes homes out of houses. It requires not only exceptional taste, but exceptional facilities as well—facilities such as few are able to command.

In the matter of taste, we prefer to have our work speak for itself. In facilities, our department of decoration hardly could be surpassed. We either manufacture or import directly the best decorative materials in all lines. Our own stock of antique things in furniture, tapestries, etc., and our own authentic reproductions enable us practically to duplicate the rooms of any period. We control the sale of many fine things in paper, hangings, etc., and are constantly designing and making special things for special places—unique things that give the final touch of individuality and distinction.

Correspondence invited from owners and architects.

W. K. Cowan & Company

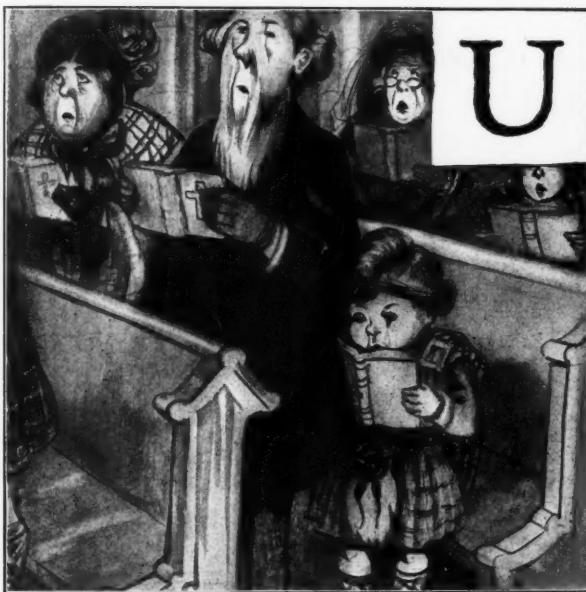
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Chicago

LIFE

AN ALPHABET OF BORES

BY OLIVER HERFORD



U

U IS the unco guid Man
And all his unspeakable clan,
With their "Braw Bonnie Brae,"
"Bide awee," "Scots wha' hae"—
"Aweel," "Dinna ken," and "Hoot, mon!"



V

V IS a vain Virtuoso.
If you ask, "Pray, what makes your hair
grow so?
Do you think it's a sign
Of Genius divine?"
He replies, "I don't think so, I know so."

A Brace of Peace-Lords

LONDON thinks that Bill Bryan is a fine speaker. So he is. He has the gift, and he seems to be rapidly acquiring the necessary knowledge to make his gift useful. His address at the Interparliamentary Union in London on July 24 and his discourse the next day at luncheon at the House of Lords were heartily praised, and the first was even said to be the best speech that London has heard in years. Both discourses had to do with the promotion of peace among the nations of the world.



With Mr. Bryan acquiring so great a reputation as a peace advocate and President Roosevelt in full possession of credentials as the most efficient practical peacemaker of his time, the reputation of the United States as a pacificatory power must be daily increasing.

A Crime That Beggars Punishment

SUCH odd things happen! James Morris, of Ithaca, who horsewhipped his seven-year-old granddaughter, suspended her by the arms for twenty minutes and locked her up in a dark closet, where the neighbors found her, was sen-

tenced on July 25 to pay a fine of fifty dollars and spend six months in the Monroe penitentiary.

Doubtless that was the best the Court could do, but it wasn't adequate treatment. James having committed a picturesque crime ought to have a picturesque punishment. Due lashes on the bare back and exposure in the stocks would fit his case.

But, after all, it is hopeless to try to punish a miserable man who has abused a child. The child can be saved from him. His real punishment will be that he will have to tolerate his own existence.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. AUGUST 16, 1906. No. 1242.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



BILL BRYAN is coming home soon to make a visit, and some of the neighbors have arranged to welcome him at the pier with a brass band and to give him a dinner and hear what he has to say about foreign parts and home policies. That is all suitable enough, but the plan has grown in the hands of its nurses until it has attained the dimensions of a movement. It is to be a political movement, a gathering of the Democracy to show that it is not dead around Bill Bryan to prove that he is not dead.

Somehow, it seems funny. Of course, Bill is not dead. He is in that condition of physical, mental and political health which the boys describe as "head and tail up like a ram tied to a gate." Most of us might well be glad to be half as healthy as he. He is in grand enjoyment of life, and has attained to a degree of renown that makes the whole civilized world seem to him like his own private boarding-house. Wherever he has been, in Asia and in Europe, he has found an empty peg on the hat-rack and a seat at table waiting for him. As a matter of fact, he has usually sent word ahead when he might be expected, and intimated that he would hang up his hat and stay to dinner, for Bill is not a self-effacing citizen. But his notices have been respected in every case we have heard of. No representative of our government in any place where he has been has ventured to neglect to pay him every attention he suggested as proper to an American citizen of the first distinction. He has been taken at his own valuation, and though there are some amusing stories about his foreign progress, it cannot be disputed

that as a traveler, traveling upon his record, he has made good.

Was ever a man so prospered in defeat! He took up with a bad cause, supported it with vigor, was twice beaten for the Presidency, to the relief of the country, and still remains the most conspicuous figure in the Democratic party. He has been the great Misleader of the Democrats, the man whose mistakes did the Democratic party more damage than it has sustained from any living man. And yet being a man of great vigor, of decent personal character and possessed of a remarkable gift of oral discourse, he still remains the most influential Democrat alive.



LET the drums beat and the trumpets blare in honor of Bill Bryan's return, and all the people who can get seats, let them sit down with him and hear his discourse when he holds forth. He is a smart man and not a bad fellow, and, somehow, seems able to make up in main strength for what he lacks in wisdom. A good pair of bellows in his chest seems almost as useful a property to a political leader as a discriminating intellect. Bryan has the bellows, and he has more than that. He has fortitude and assurance. He is a man of great power, vocal, muscular and digestive. Mentally he seems only fair. He exerts himself to be conscientious. If he had a conviction he would stick to it like wax as long as he could remember which it was, and the fact that it was mistaken would endear it to him. He is such a man that those who believe in him rejoice in him, and those who don't believe in him wish they could.



THE trouble with him as a Presidential candidate is that this group of don't-believes is so large. They don't dislike him and they do admire him, but trust him in the White House they never will, if they can help it. They consider that his talent is histrionic rather than political. We guess they would beat him again if he

should run again, and if they did, it might injure his prestige. Which would be a pity, it is such a pretty one as it stands, and cost so much to make. It is an economical calamity when a great prestige collapses. It means an enormous waste of expensive advertising. We don't want to see Bill Bryan go the way of Martin Irons. As he stands, he is a national asset, and capable of uses. The man he nominated at St. Louis at the last Democratic Convention was the most engaging candidate suggested. If his taste in candidates continues to be as good as it was when he put up Cockrell, he may yet do the country very valuable service sometime by helping the Democrats to nominate and perhaps elect a candidate who is fit to win.

We doubt profoundly, however, if he will avail to render the country that service so soon as 1908; and doubt still more if he can himself be a successful candidate in that year. And that he should loom up so very big just now is odd. There is no doubt that he came out of the last Democratic convention bigger than he went in, and since then he has been a successful traveler. Maybe absence does make the heart grow fonder, but can it queer the head?



M R. WILLIAM HEARST seems disposed to run for governor of New York. Why New York? Why put up this particular job on the old and respectable State of New York? If Mr. Hearst was at all solicitous to oblige he would go home to California and run for governor there. Or else in Illinois or Massachusetts, where he has newspapers. New York has already shown sufficient appreciation of his character and qualities by letting him represent Tammany Hall in Congress, and by letting him run for mayor of New York City. That is all Mr. Hearst should expect of this State. If he must run for governor, he ought to run elsewhere. Why not start a paper in Pittsburgh and run for governor of Pennsylvania? Pennsylvania is a fine State and hardy, and so far has done very little for Mr. Hearst except to supply topics for his papers. Pennsylvania would do. Or Rhode Island! But not Delaware. Oh, no! Leave Delaware in peace to clean up.

"Everybody's Out of Town"

[“New York is absolutely deserted. Everybody is out of town.”—“Society Notes” in daily paper.]

IF, SOME pleasant, broiling night,
When the summer's at its height,
And the burning streets are quivering
in the heat,
You should casually stroll
To the east, you'd think it droll—
All the hundred thousand folks you'd
seem to meet.

For they seem to come and go—
Men and Women—to and fro
In the City's ghastly heat, and up and
down;
But though very real they seem,
They're but shadows of a dream—
For you know that Everybody's Out of
Town.

And that tot so pale and mild—
You would think she was a Child!
She is tired, for the night is very warm;
She is very thin and small,
And she hardly seems as tall
As the baby she is holding in her arm.

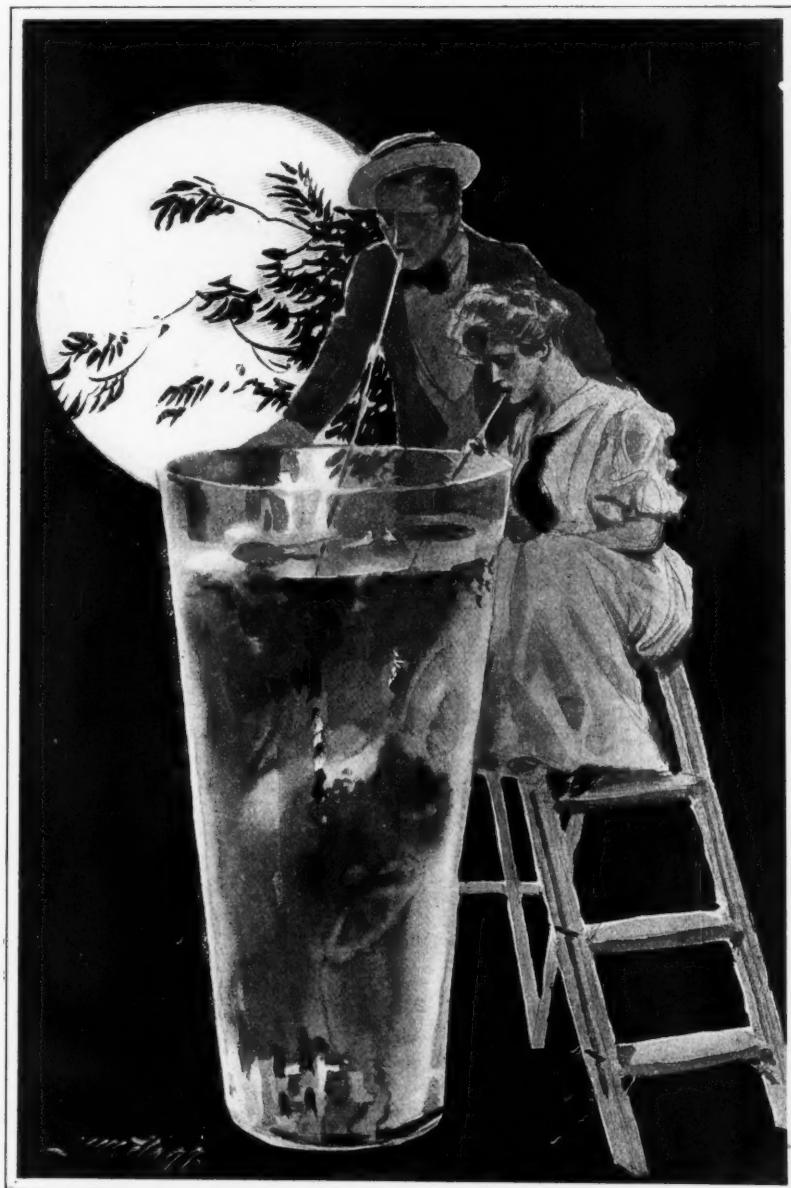
And the tenements aren't cool;
Why, their very roofs seem full,
And the phantom Mothers seem to sit
and hum
Just a crooning, soothing song,
For the night seems very long:
“O Mother, will the morning never
come?”

And the Mothers seem to weep,
“O, my dearie, go to sleep,
For the cool night-wind is rising in the
west.”
And sometimes a hearse all white
Rattles through the burning night,
And the Preacher tells them all is for
the best.

When the stifling evening heat
Pours its thousands on the street,
There is scarcely room to pass the gasping
throng;
They are crowding all around,
And you seem to hear the sound
Of a thousand moaning Children—but
you're wrong!

For they really don't exist,
And it's all a phantom mist—
All the sweltering heat and nonsense of
that kind;
And the throbbing and the noise
And the little Girls and Boys
Are nothing but an Error of the Mind!

For they're really far away
In the pleasant fields at play;
And the patient Mothers that you think
you see
Are but figments of the brain;
And the suffering and the pain
Are only foolish Thoughts in you and me.



IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

So we sing this righteous song,
For we know there's nothing wrong,
And these things should not impair our
fair renown;
For the squalor and the shame
We are not at all to blame;
For we know that EVERYBODY'S OUT OF
TOWN. — M'Cready Sykes.

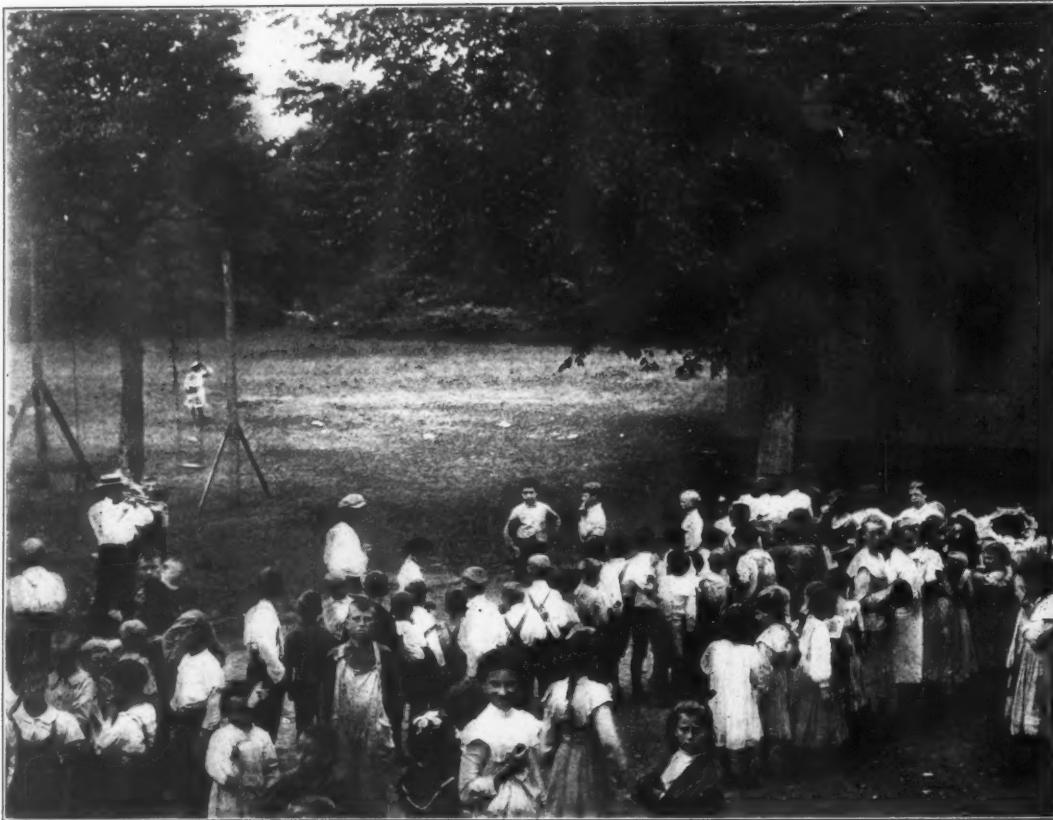
YOUTH can buy nothing half so
precious as what it sells.

A Rapid Conclusion

SOFTLEIGH: Good evening, Mrs. Moran. I came to see if your daughter, Miss Mabel, would go for a walk with me.

MISS MABEL: How do you do, Mr. Softleigh? I shall be delighted. Mamma, do I look fit to go to a restaurant?

• LIFE •



AT LIFE'S FARM
LINING UP FOR DINNER

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged.....	\$2,544 41
W. D. G.....	3 00
Alfred G. Vanderbilt.....	100 00
K. D.....	30 00
Nutley.....	5 00
Mrs. R. F. E.....	6 00
H. B. H.....	200 00
Junius, Beverley and Lilian.....	9 00
J. P. M.....	3 00
F. P.....	3 00
P. A. P.....	2 00
K. M.....	10 00
J. H. B.....	10 00
Cash.....	25 00
G. F. Corliss.....	20 00
Lex.....	100 00
Total.....	\$3,070 41

Acknowledged With Thanks

Package of clothes from Miss Richard.

Postals from Life's Farm

DEAR NANA: I got here safe Nellie and rose and I play togeather I was waiting for some money write and let me know how is James I am so fat you would not know me next week we are going for apple let me know how is all the folks is tell John I wish him a happy New Year.

fron MAMMIE.

BRANCHVILLE, CONN.,
LIFE'S FARM:

Dear Mother—We are Having a very good time and I hope you are having the same.

Fred has Lost 6 cents and has not found them. And I am the drummer boy on the LIFE's farm band. I play small Drum.

Ans. Your son, NICOHOLAS.
July 20, 1906.

MY DEAR BROTHER HARRY: I am writing you these lines letting you know I am having a good time.

There are so many little boys where I am I am always thinking why I didn't take you and Lena.

If you and Lena were only there you would have a fine time. Now as I have no more to say I will have to close.

YOUR LOVING SISTER.

DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE LEW: I write you these few lines to let you no that I am getting along fine and wishing you the same and charlie too and George and Grandpa I am getting fat and red cheeks is Uncle Lew as fat as ever if you want to write to me write to LIFE's Farm Branchville Connecticut.

From CHARLOTTE. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Independent

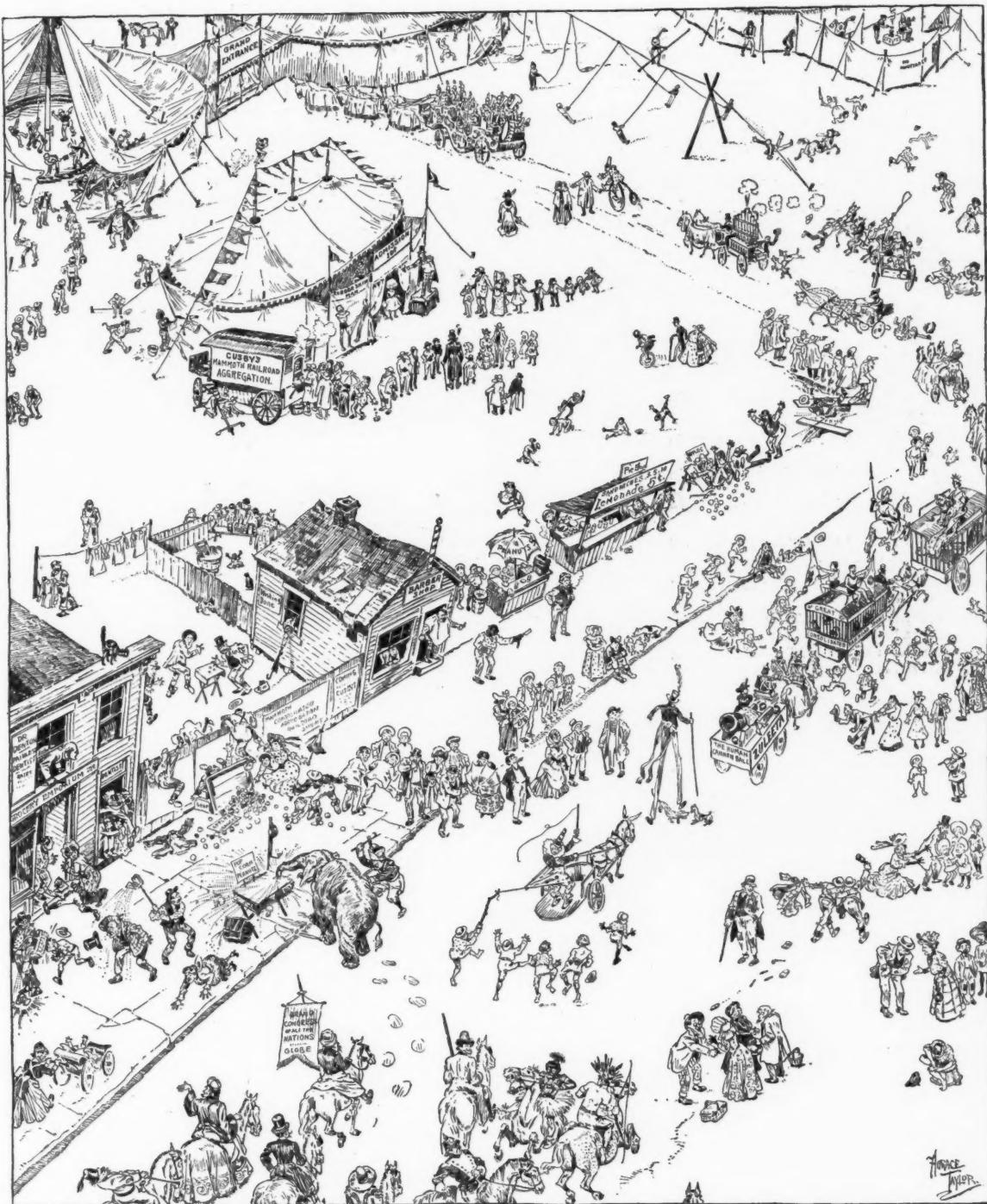
MOTHER (to Tommy, who has just said his prayers): Tommy, you forgot to ask the Lord to take care of your baby sister.

TOMMY: No, I didn't, ma. I'll take care of her myself.

Something

WIFE: You make me very weary! You won't make a single concession to the temperance cause!

HUSBAND: I don't, eh? Don't I put half water in my whisky?



FROM OUR AIRSHIP
THE COUNTRY CIRCUS

From Our Readers



The Fight at Dajo

THERE are twenty dead who're sleeping near the slopes of Bud Dajo,
'Neath the shadow of the crater where the bolos laid them low,
And their comrades feel it bitter, and their cheeks grow hot with shame,
When they read the sneering comments which have held them up to blame.

They were told to scale the mountain and they stormed its beetling crest,
Spite of all the frantic Moros, though they did their level best,
Though the bullets whistled thickly, and the cliff was lined with foes,
Though the camilans were flashing and the kriss gave deadly blows.

There was little time for judging e'er they met in deadly strife,
What the sex might be that rushing waved aloft the blood-stained knife,
For the foe was drunk with frenzy and the women in the horde
Thought that paradise was certain could they kill first with the sword.

They'd been freely offered mercy, but they'd scorned the proffered gift,
For their priests had told them Allah promised victory sure and swift.
They were foolish and their folly cost the lives of wife and son,
But they fought their fight like heroes; there were none that turned to run.

Though they'd robbed and slain and ravaged, though their crimes had mounted high,
Though 'tis true that naught became them like the death they chose to die,
One would think to read the papers that the troops who scaled their fort
Were a lot of brutal ruffians shooting girls and babes for sport.

More than one who's sleeping soundly 'neath the shade of Bud Dajo
Lost his life while giving succor to the one who dealt the blow,
Yet his comrades feel more bitter and they give a far worse name
To the men who dubbed them "butchers" and have smirched the army's fame.

—Alfred E. Wood in the *Manila Cablenews*.

FORT ASSINIBOINE, MONTANA:

Dear Life—I think that your love of fair play should justify you in publishing the enclosed lines [reprinted above] on "The Fight at Dajo."

One very small class of your readers will feel less bitter when they see these verses published where they will reach the same readers that read an attack in verse on "The Butchers" in this same fight.

Perhaps a word of the truth may also reach your own editorial mind, as, with best wishes for your enlightenment, I hope it may.

Sincerely yours,

Fred'k S. Foltz,
Captain, Second Cavalry.

July 10, 1906.

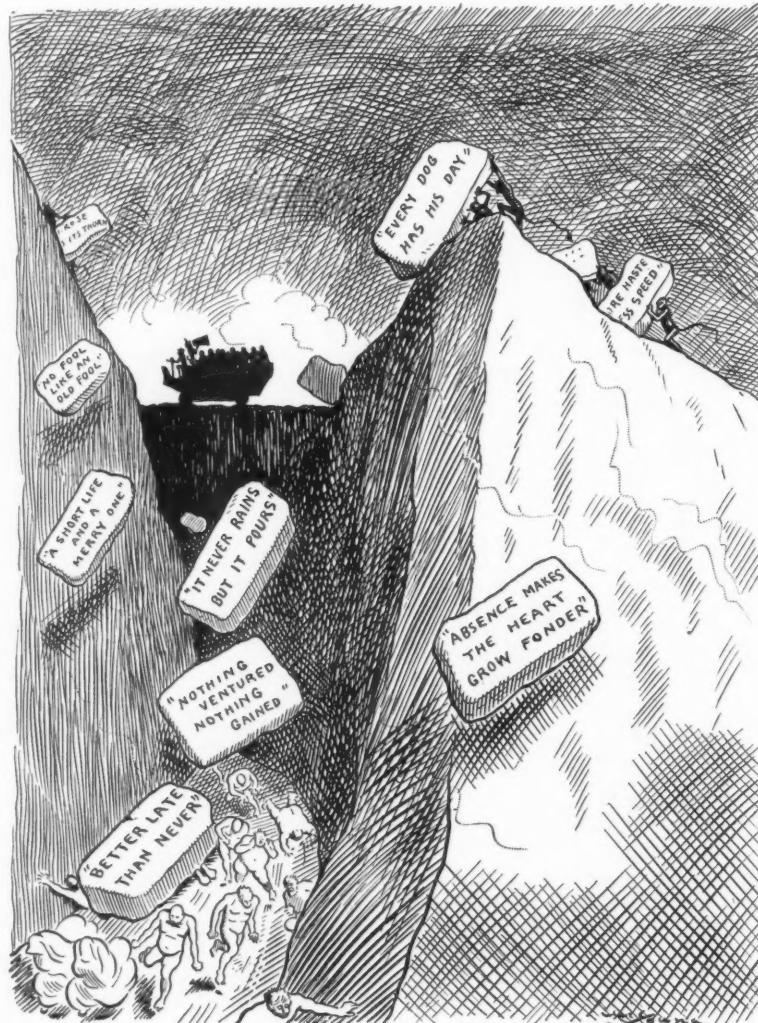
BUTTE, MONTANA:
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—I take exception to your classification of millionaires, in that you have confused locality with material. Pittsburg as a locality is not the *raison d'être* of the Pittsburg millionaire, but the raw material which has made Pittsburg possible has also

created the peculiar variety of millionaire. Investigation reveals that wherever large wealth is developed from metal in its native state, the resulting millionaire is possessed of raw and metallic characteristics. Hence, Schwab, Swift, Water Bill, Coal Oil Johnny, Tabor, Fair and all that ilk have invariably hailed from States and Territories famous for the production of raw metals.

Therefore, as a generalization, I would suggest the name of "Raw Metal Millionaires," instead of "Pittsburg Millionaires," as more comprehensive and descriptive in its character.

Respectfully,
H. C. Hopkins.



SNAP-SHOTS IN HADES

Megaphone Demon: Now, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS LONG CHASM BELOW US. PEOPLE WHO CONTINUALLY USE COMMONPLACE MAXIMS IN CONVERSATION ARE COMPELLED TO RUN BACK AND FORTH THE LENGTH OF THIS THOROUGHFARE WHILE DEMONS ABOVE HURL ROCKS AT THEM ON WHICH ARE INSCRIBED OLD, HACKNEYED PHRASES. WE WILL NOW PROCEED TO THE NEXT DEPARTMENT.

Man's Rights



IN ALL the stress and straining after Woman's Rights—her privileges being already too numerous to mention—those of Man seem at times to be lost sight of, if not completely lost. Every now and then we read in the papers that a young woman has picked her husband's pockets while he slept, that the judge not only acquits but commends her, at the same time administering a scathing rebuke to the husband. Poor man! If he would but understand his position once and for all, how much annoyance he would be spared.

Clearly, it is Man's duty to provide Woman with all the luxuries of the day, to give her the entire contents of his purse and the full extent of his credit. These failing, as they sometimes do, it is up to him to provide income from another

source. For of what use is Man unless he be a provider? For what other purpose should he have the unquestioned right of leaving the house at eight o'clock in the morning not to return until six at night? From Woman's viewpoint, Man's life is a round of pleasure with a little work thrown in. If, by chance, he is a salaried man, then the often unpleasant task of working for others is fully offset by the lack of responsibility; but if, on the other hand, he is at the head of affairs, then are all his cares and anxieties more than balanced by the fact that he is his own master. And there is always the pleasure of the chase.

If Man were not so utterly stupid, if it were possible for him to meet Woman on her own ground, armed with a weapon as potent as her tears, there might seem to be some chance for him. But as it is, why will he continually put himself in the wrong? Why try to evade his duty with that old, old query, "What did you do with the last ten dollars I gave you?"

Had he the least reason to suppose that it had been spent wisely and well, there were no need for the question. Since it is a reproach, Woman resents it as such, promptly weeps, and Man beats a retreat, feeling himself to be all the more of a brute in that she has been canny enough to refrain from calling him one. And Woman scores again.

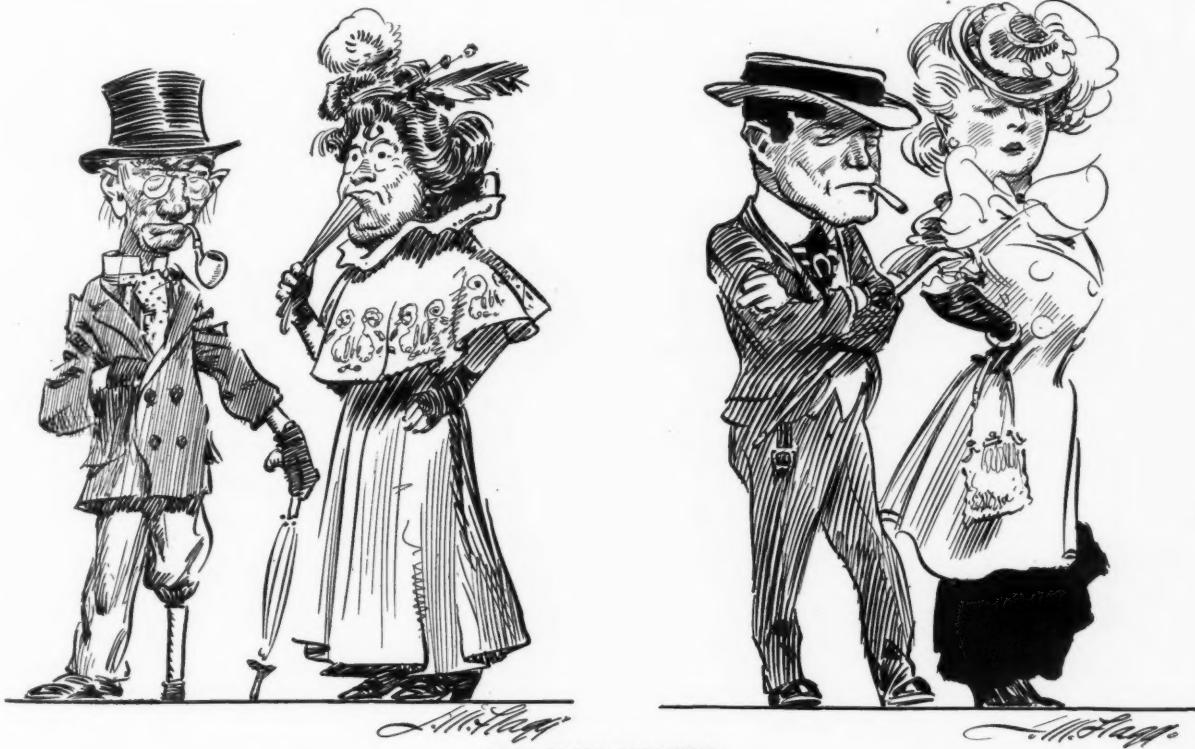
O Man! Hasten the day when Woman shall have her Rights, for then possibly, *possibly*, she may be willing to accord you a few of her privileges.

Sarah F. Waters.

DASHAWAY: Did you have a hard time winning Miss Summit?

CLEVERTON: I should say I did. Why, when our engagement was announced in the papers, I had it put among the sporting news.

THERE are hothouse thoughts—beautiful, but tasteless.



INTUITION, DEDUCTION, OBSERVATION AS WELL,
AND A MASTERFUL KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE,
ALL FIGURE AS NAUGHT OUR EFFORTS TO FIND
WHY THIS PAIR BECAME HUSBAND AND WIFE!

AL HIGGINS THOUGHT HE MARRIED WELL WHEN HE GOT SALLY BROWN,
FOR VERY WELL CONNECTED WAS HIS "POIL";
CONNECTED, TOO, WITH ALL THE FINEST FAMILIES IN THE TOWN—
BY TELEPHONE: SHE WAS A "HELLO-GOIL."

LIFE

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—W-B-Kinc—

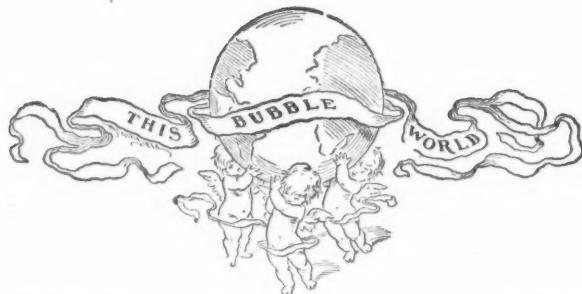
AFTER THE WRECK
NOT A FICTION

LIFE



AFTER WRECK
NOT A FICTION

• LIFE •



BRAZIL, which has been shooting off a few guns in honor of Secretary Root, evidently knows a big man when it sees one.—*Chicago News*.

Is it possible that the canny Secretary of State has learned from Mr. Bryan the value of absence in working up a presidential boom?



New Hampshire, a small state held down by mountains.—*Mexican Herald*.

And Bill Chandler.



The ridiculous custom of wearing that shining funnel, the silk hat, will appear as stupefying to our great-grandchildren as the custom of putting a bone through the lip or a ring through the nostrils appears monstrous to us.—*Paris Gaulois*.

It won't disappear as long as it's the only evidence some men can show of their respectability.



A chorus girl famine is reported in New York.—*Baltimore American*.

This may be the good coming from the evil of the Thaw affair. Foolish parents may be waking up to the dangers of the chorus.



The pictures of the czarevitch show a very bright boy whom it is a pity to load down with an inheritance such as the czar is preparing for him.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

Which he may never inherit.



Chicago is the most healthful spot in the world.—*Chicago News*. Have you read "The Jungle"?



The ladies of Japan are not allowed to be photographed while in bathing.—*Providence Tribune*.

Japan evidently hasn't included the yellow journal among its modern improvements.



Nelson Morris, a Chicago packer, talks bitterly of the President.—*Indianapolis News*.

That's the most complimentary thing that's been printed about the President for a long time.



The world owes more probably to members of the medical profession than to any other profession known to man.—*Hospital*.

The doctors, however, are pretty good collectors and the debt is being rapidly reduced.

What chance has a rich man in this country, anyway?—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Not any of State's prison or the electric chair.



One person in every 1,200 is blind, says a special census report.—*St. Joseph News*

Therefore, one person in every 1,200 is saved the nausea consequent in seeing the so-called humorous supplements of the Sunday newspapers.



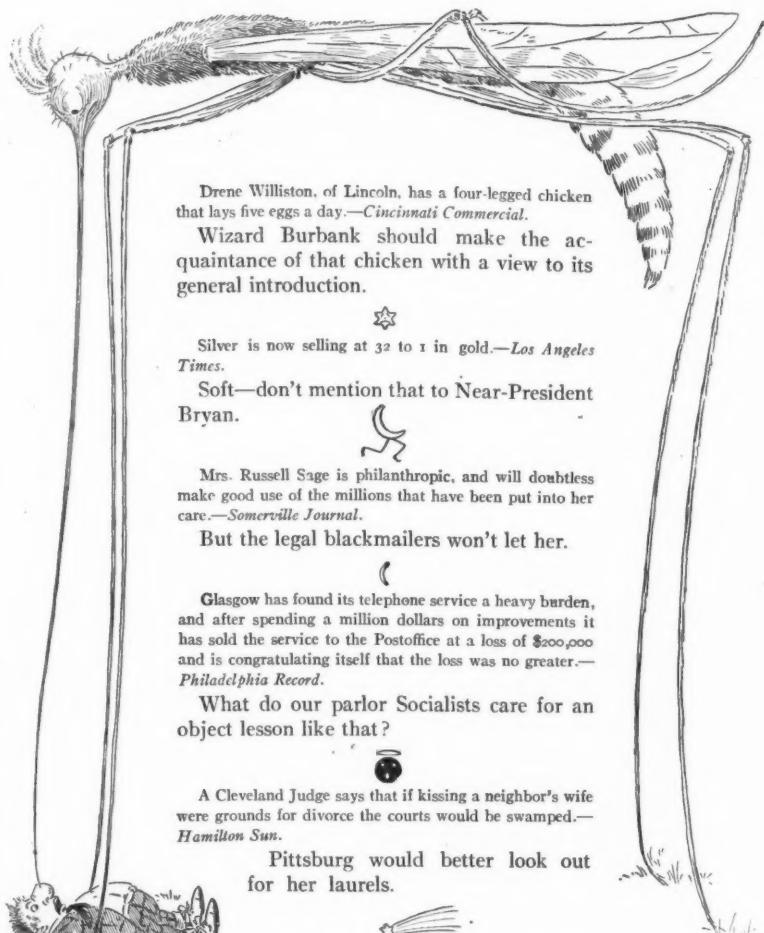
Senator Depew can see no one.—*Detroit News*.

That doesn't explain his not writing.



If Prof. Courtney leaves Cornell University the higher education of oarsmen will receive a sad blow.—*New York World*.

Here "Prof." evidently stands for "professional coach," the bane of college athletics.



Drene Williston, of Lincoln, has a four-legged chicken that lays five eggs a day.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Wizard Burbank should make the acquaintance of that chicken with a view to its general introduction.



Silver is now selling at 32 to 1 in gold.—*Los Angeles Times*.

Soft—don't mention that to Near-President Bryan.



Mrs. Russell Sage is philanthropic, and will doubtless make good use of the millions that have been put into her care.—*Somerville Journal*.

But the legal blackmailers won't let her.



Glasgow has found its telephone service a heavy burden, and after spending a million dollars on improvements it has sold the service to the Postoffice at a loss of \$200,000 and is congratulating itself that the loss was no greater.—*Philadelphia Record*.

What do our parlor Socialists care for an object lesson like that?



A Cleveland Judge says that if kissing a neighbor's wife were grounds for divorce the courts would be swamped.—*Hamilton Sun*.

Pittsburg would better look out for her laurels.



What's become of the old fellows who wore linen dusters?—*St. Joseph News*.

Give it up. But the dusters are on the young fellows in the automobiles.

Reprinted from *LIFE* of December 19, 1896



SANCTUM TALKS

"HELLO, LIFE."

"Well, Anthony?"

"I came in to—"

"I am afraid I haven't got a thing to amuse you. Nothing that—"

"But—"

"Nothing that you haven't seen before."

"But I didn't come in for that."

"I see. On your vacation. You want some advice."

"Yes. Don't you think I am doing a great work? Truly now—"

"You are indeed, Anthony."

"Then why don't you say so? Why do you always say things—"

"Because, Anthony, I believe what I say, and I also believe you are doing a great work. We couldn't do without you, Anthony."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Certainly. There wouldn't be any standard of comparison."

"Ah! That's just it."

"Just it, Anthony. When we want to see—"

"That's it. See."

"How big an ass some one else is, all we have to do—"

"What ! ! !"

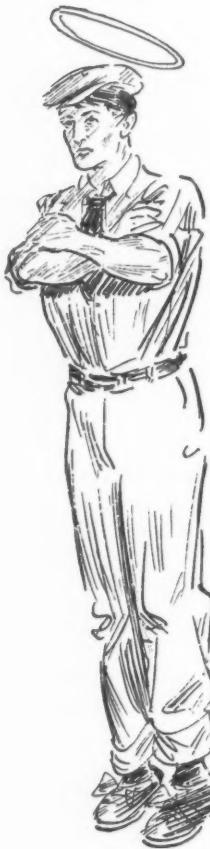
"Is to place him alongside of you. Good morning, Tony."

"G-g-good morning, LIFE."



IN HADES

Imp (to newcomer): EXTRA! EXTRA! ALL ABOUT YOUR DEATH, SIR.



LAST SUMMER HE LOOKED SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO HER

No Hurry

THE minister was shocked when the young lady declined an introduction to some of his parishioners. "Why, my dear young lady, did you ever think that perhaps you will have to mingle with these good people when you get to heaven?"

"Well," she exclaimed, "that will be soon enough."

CURIOSITY, love and hunger have made the world what it is.



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S word sketches, published under the title *of In Our Town*, form one of the thoroughly satisfactory squares in that patchwork picture of transitional America which is being built up by the better short-story writers of our generation. They deal with persons and events in a Kansas town in the last quarter of the last century, and while they are eminently entertaining, they also possess a quality rarer and harder to define. How much of reminiscence and how much of imagination have entered into their composition only the author, and perhaps hardly he, can say, but the amalgam is perfect, and they awaken in us a sentiment that almost savors of association and an understanding that is almost too personal to seem purely objective. One can almost say that he makes us remember things we never saw.

A Lady in Waiting, by Charles Woodcock Savage, is the first novel by an American gentleman whose own career has been more romantic, more adventurous and certainly more original than that of his heroine, Julie de Chesnil, keeper of a diary and sometime lady-in-waiting to her Majesty Marie Antoinette. Mr. Savage's story is written in romantic vein and with a flowing pen, and its chief fault is rather its misfortune, namely, the fact that the passing of the old régime, the gauntlet of the Reign of Terror, the American exile and the happy



BUT THIS SUMMER HE LOOKS MORE LIKE THIS

return had already been sown to as many crops of romance as the ground would bear while Mr. Savage was tilling other fields.

Mr. Arthur C. Benson, the biographer of Edward Fitzgerald and Walter Pater for the English Men of Letters series and Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, has published, under the title of *From a College Window*, a volume of essays which, besides the charm of their literary grace, have the irresistible interest that inheres in any self-revelation made with unassuming candor and untouched by any trace of pose or taint of egotism. Mr. Benson, like many a less-gifted observer of life, is recurrently conscious of the desire to know what others really make of it all, and, being himself inarticulate, he has put down in these eighteen papers what he makes, or fails to make, of some of its big and little riddles. The volume offers the opportunity of intimate intercourse with the mind of another, a privilege which is always rare and in this case delightful.

The eight essays by George W. Alger included in *Moral Overstrain* are hull-down on the opposite horizon from the work we have just been considering. They embody the opinions of an honest and fair-minded man upon some of the disharmonies between our acquired commercial and political ethics and our inherited mechanism of legal control, dealing with such subjects as "Unpunished Commercial Crime," "Generosity and Corruption," "Sensational Journalism and the Law," but, on the whole, merely reiterating the obvious conclusions of unbiased observers rather than giving form to any feelings held in suspension in the popular consciousness but heretofore uncrystallized.

The habits and habitat of the buccaneers have tinged the dreams of so many would-be pirates and inspired the pens of so many Cyrus Townsend Brads that one is unprepared to find between the covers of John Masefield's *On the Spanish Main* not a new dressing of old puppets, but a historical study of great interest and unusual quality. The work, which is drawn directly from the old chronicles, enables us to win back directly to the time, the places and the men themselves, and brings before us not only their ships, their armaments and their exploits, but their spirit and their point of view.

The Count at Harvard, by Rupert Sargent Holland, an account, as its title-page informs us, of the adventures of a young gentleman of fashion at Harvard University, has every appearance of being a novel. As a matter of fact, however, its chapters have no connection with each other, but form a series of individually amusing sketches, cleverly inconsequent, expressing to laughable perfection the uneducational possibilities of the academic atmosphere, but limited in their appeal by the very indirection which gives them point.

J. B. Kerfoot.

In Our Town, by William Allen White. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

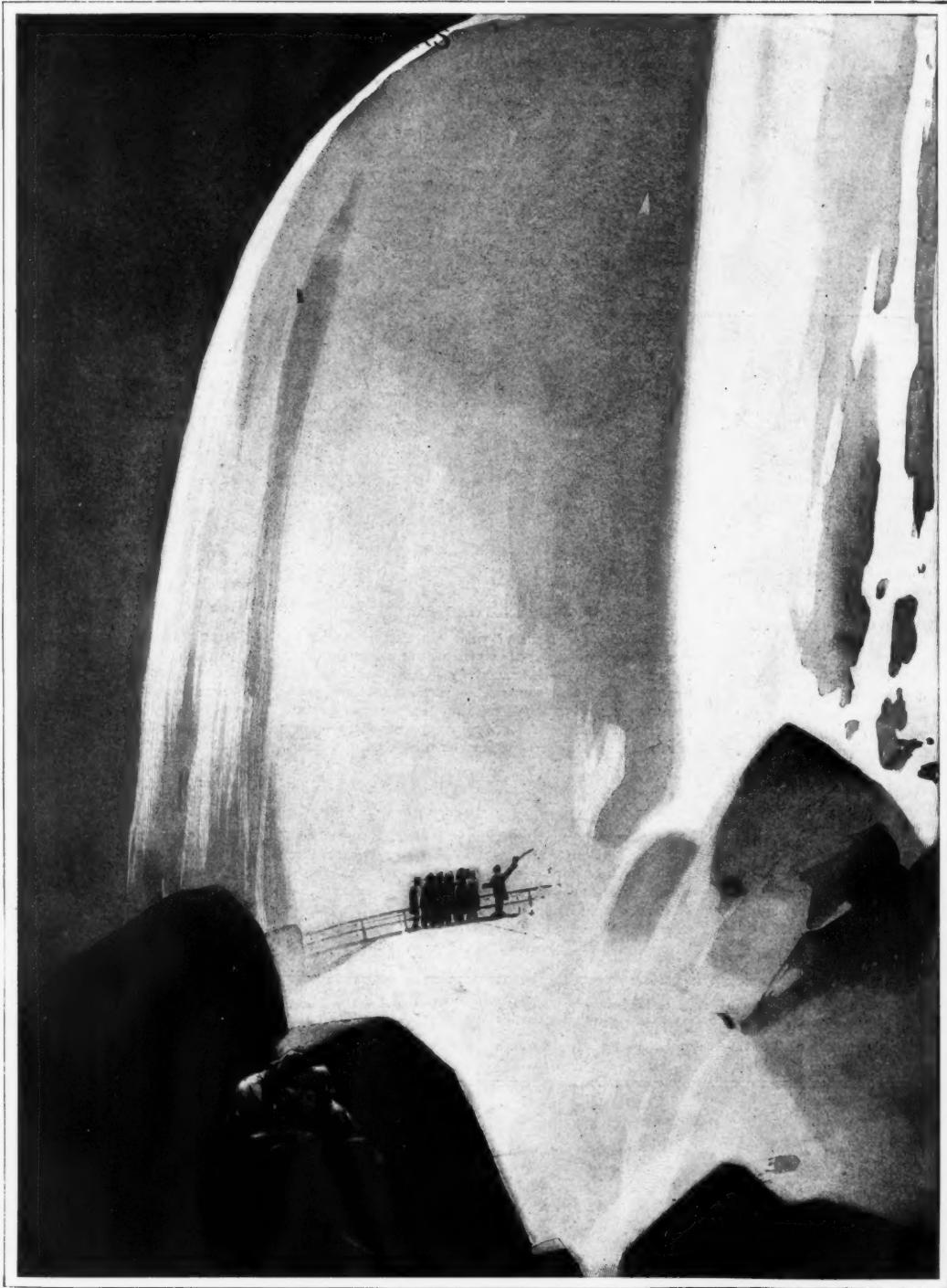
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On the Spanish Main, by John Masefield. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

The Count at Harvard, by Rupert Sargent Holland. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)



AT NIAGARA

WARNING TO TOURISTS: KEEP CLOSE TO THE GUIDE AND AVOID UNNECESSARY DANGER



THE HUSH

[Cheese is still quiet.—Extract from a recent newspaper report of the provision market.]

With what unqualified delight

We scan the daily press, and see

In memorable black and white

That cheese, which is inclined to be

A "rowdy" article of diet,

Is still (unnaturally) quiet!

Hushed is the Gorgonzola's voice,

That sometimes is so loud and clear,

No longer do the tones of choice

And fruity Stilton reach our ear.

The Camembert no longer capers—

According to the daily papers.

The riotous Limburger lies

Upon the dish and holds its breath,

While Roquefort wears a strange disguise

Of sternly simulated death;

In fact, the whole of cheese creation

Shows symptoms of inanimation.

How long will this quiescence last?

How soon will the uncanny trance

Which has afflicted cheese be past,

And let the Gorgonzola dance?

For what is cheese that does not frolic

Until dissuaded—with carbolic?

—London Tribune.

TESTING A NEW DOG

SUBURBANITE (to visitor): Oh, how are you? Come right in. Don't mind the dog.

VISITOR: But won't he bite?

"That's just what I want to see. I only bought that watchdog this morning."—Rire.

THE passing of Harvey's, the restaurant in Washington famous for the fish, terrapin and panned oysters, recalled the following to a New York man who visits the capital only occasionally: "I was down there the other day," he said, "and asked the Congressman from my district where to go to get something to eat that would taste good about midnight. 'The only way to get such a meal as you have in mind in Washington,' he said, 'is to get aboard either a B. & O. or a Pennsylvania train, ride in a northeasterly direction for about five hours, cross the Hudson River and then go almost anywhere between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets.'—Boston Budget.

"I say, old fellow," said the friend, rummaging around the studio. "Can't you give me some rotten little painting of yours? Something you don't want. I'll have it framed, you know!"—Sporting Times.

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WILSON-

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each bottle—
See back label!

That's All!

A SLOW GOLFER

At St. Andrews one of the most respected and popular members of the club had the misfortune to crush his leg early in life and walked with the aid of a wooden one.

Being portly as well as lame, it was impossible for him to walk as fast as most people, but, being a good sportsman, and hating to keep people back, he made it a rule when he did play golf to start late. One day, however, two strangers, happening to start late, were kept back. Instead of making the best of it, they began to press the lame man. Back came his caddie. "Captain J.'s compliments, and he knows he walks d—d slow, but he can walk a d—d sight slower."—Taller.



A THANKLESS HUSBAND

Mrs. Henry Peck: WHAT? WISH YOU HAD A WIFE WHO WAS A HELPMEE TO YOU? WELL, WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO SEW? I DID. WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO MIND THE BABY? I DID. WHO TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT DUSTING AND HOUSECLEANING AND WASHING DISHES? I DID. BAH! THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS THAT YOU DON'T APPRECIATE A GOOD WIFE WHEN YOU HAVE ONE.

AND THEY WONDERED

At a banquet held in a room, the walls of which were adorned with many beautiful paintings, a well-known college president was called upon to respond to a toast. In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"—Ladies' Home Journal

BED-ROCK PRICE

The proprietor of a Boston hotel says that a week or two ago a dusty, tired-looking person from Nashua, N. H., presented himself at the desk of the hotel, stating that he desired a room.

"I've et my supper an' shall be off before breakfast," said he gravely, to the clerk; "now what would be your lowest price for a room to sleep in?"

"One dollar, if you leave at six o'clock to-morrow morning," was the reply.

"Well—er—wouldn't half a dollar make it jest about right?" demanded the wayfarer, producing a battered fifty-cent piece. "You see, I'm all excited up. travelin' an' I don't expect to sleep more'n half the time I'm in there."—Harper's Weekly

A SERIOUS THREAT

STUTTS (who stammers): Miss d-d-Dimple—d-d-Dollie!—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-lul-love you! Wu-wu-will you b-b-Wu-wul you b-be mum-mum-mum—wu-will you b-be mum-mum-my wu-wu-wu—mum-mum-my wife?

DOLLIE DIMPLE (coyly): Oh, Mr. Stutts! I—I hardly know how to answer you!

(Desperately) "Ac-ac-ac sus-sus—accept my pup-pup-proposal or I'll sus-sus-sus—or I'll sus-sus-sus—say it all over a-gug-gug again!"—Woman's Home Companion.

WHICH WAS IT?

The governor was puzzled. "Look here," he said, turning to his private secretary. "Can you tell me whether this note comes from my tailor or my legal adviser? They're both named Brown."

The note was as follows:

"I have begun your suit Ready to be tried on Thursday Come in.—BROWN."—Toledo Blade

DEEP

ASCUM: Did Critick say something nice about your book?

RITER: I'm not sure, but I'm a little suspicious.

"How do you mean?"

"He said there were some things in it that are decidedly original and some other things that are quite clever."—Buffalo Commercial

IN THE House of Commons no incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than that of a member who, after an eloquent oration, plumps down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. A young member who had just made his maiden speech sat upon his new silk hat. There were roars of laughter. An Irish member immediate y arose and gravely said: "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable gentleman upon the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it." This remark upset the dignity of the House, and the Speaker called, "Order, order!" amid roars of laughter.—Argonaut

"OUR cashier wants a vacation this summer," said the vice-president of the bank. "He'd like to get away, he says for about three weeks."

"Good," replied the president. "That removes a weight from my mind. I was beginning to be afraid his accounts might be in such shape that he wouldn't dare to go away."—Chicago Record-Herald

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HUNTER RYE

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CIGARETS

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AND REFINING CO.
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DANIEL GUGGENHEIM
PRESIDENT

Dear Sir: I have been using Makaroff Cigarettes for some time past, and have enjoyed smoking them in every instance.

Yours truly,
M. R.
GUGGENHEIM.

841 FOURTH STREET
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Sir: The Makaroff Special Cigarettes you sent me some time ago exceed anything I ever smoked.

It is very gratifying to know that it is possible to obtain cigarettes in America which it is a real pleasure to smoke.

Wishing you all the success you deserve, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
SAM. F. HIRTZ.

New York Life Insurance
Company
Bay State Branch Office
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: Your letter, together with the cigarettes ordered some time ago, received. I wish to tell you that they were the finest cigarettes I have ever smoked. They met with my approval in every respect.

Yours very truly,
HARRY R. LEIGHTON,
Cashier.

The Record-Appeal
LUDINGTON, MICH.

Dear Sir: Makaroff special cigarettes are incomparable. I can say but little about them because they are so far superior to any other cigarettes I have ever smoked. I have placed my order with the secretary of the house committee.

Yours truly,
T. M. SAWYER.

Makaroff Russian Cigaretts

Made by Connoisseurs—for Connoisseurs—sold on merit alone—these cigarettes are now the choice of those who discriminate

My enthusiasm over these cigarettes is due entirely to my knowledge of them and of cigarettes in general. I admit I am a crank on the subject. I have been a crank on smoke for twenty years. When I talk about smoke I am talking from the *smoker's* standpoint—your standpoint and mine, as smoke cranks—and not as a manufacturer. I am a smoker first and a manufacturer afterward. I started the manufacture of these goods strictly because that was the only way to be *sure* that my friends and myself were going to be supplied with them *regularly*. If you know anything about the uncertainties of importing from Russia, you know I speak facts.

I am now extending the sale of Makaroff Russian Cigarettes to my other friends—the ones I haven't seen, but who are my friends just the same, because they like the good things of life as I do.

Nearly every box of Makaroff Russian Cigarettes discovers one of these friends for me. I seldom fail to get a hearty handshake by return mail. The friends I get I keep. That's why I can afford to take all the risk of pleasing you, and *I do it*.

Makaroff Russian Cigarettes are offered to connoisseurs (another name for cranks) on the basis of smoking quality alone.

They have got to please you as a particular smoker, better than anything you have ever

smoked before, or I don't want a cent. They are made of pure, clean, sweet tobacco, the finest and highest priced Russian and Turkish growths blended scientifically by our own Russian blenders. The Russians are the only *real artists* at cigarette blending—don't forget that.

These cigarettes are blended, made and aged as old wines are—by men with traditions of quality to live up to—men who have spent their lives at it and who have generations of experience back of them.

Every cigarette is made by hand. Every one is inspected before packing. I pass personally on the smoking quality of every lot of tobacco blended. We use the thinnest paper ever put on a cigarette.

Special to Dealers

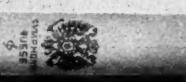
I am spending a large appropriation each month in magazine advertising to introduce these cigarettes. I want one *first-class* dealer in every town of importance as distributor, and to such I can turn over a good business, established and growing. Write me.

THE MAKAROFF COMPANY OF AMERICA
(G. NELSON DOUGLAS)

95 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS. SUITE 84

Draw a circle around the price indicating your selection


CZAREVITCH SIZE { \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00 per 100
Three Values


CZAR SIZE { \$2.50, \$4.00, \$6.00 per 100
Three Values

Above blends also made in ladies size. Prices on application

Find enclosed remittance for \$

in favor of G. Nelson Douglas for which
please send me, prepaid, hundred
cigarettes of size and value indicated
hereon.

Name

P. O.



MAKAROFF
RUSSIAN
CIGARETS

J. B. & J. M. CORNELL CO.
IRON WORKS, NEW YORK

Dear Sir: Thanks for promptness and the rare treat of an absolutely good cigarette.

Please send by return mail one hundred Makaroff Royals, "Czar" size, as per circular mailed me.

Yours very truly,
W. S. FOWLER.

U. S. S. PRAIRIE
Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: At this first opportunity I wish to say that it would be putting it mildly to state that I was pleased and satisfied with the "Makaroffs." I shall feel grateful toward you for the introduction of them on the market, as should everyone who appreciates good cigarettes.

Respectfully,
P. A. NORTHRUP.

Cleveland, O.

Am tremendously delighted with the cigarettes.

My friends who have tried them are equally enthusiastic.

Yours very truly,
F. I. MERRICK.

War Department
SIGNAL OFFICE
PT. MONROE,
VA.

Sir: The Makaroff Special Cigarettes were beyond my utmost expectations, and were, in fact, the finest cigarettes I have ever smoked, and I have smoked nearly every Turkish and Egyptian cigarette for sale in the United States. I shall place another order with you soon. Very respectfully,

P. C. PETERSEN.



SIMILARITY

Like flowers which change from year to year,
To beautify the place,
So presidential booms appear,
Then fade, and leave no trace.—*Washington Star*.

COULD EAT, BUT COULDN'T SEE

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer, in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see the town?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

WOULDN'T PAIN HER FOR THE WORLD

"Hello, old man, and how do you enjoy married life, eh? Ever have any differences of opinion with your wife?"

"Yes, but I don't let her know about them."—*Boston Transcript*.

MEDICINE AT THE FAIR

DOCTOR (who has just examined member of circus company): He's suffering from anemia. Tonic is what he wants. Give him iron, plenty of iron.

CIRCUS MANAGER: No need at all, boss. He's our sword swallower.—*Souire*.

For the Nursery—For the Table

For all ages, in all climates, under all conditions, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated-Cream fill every milk requirement. Superior for ice cream.

THE PINK OF COMMUTERS

MRS. SUBBBS: She put up a beautiful monument to his memory.

MRS. LONESOME: Yes, he commuted for ten years and never forgot an errand.—*New York Sun*.

A SMILE OR TWO

LAIRD: Well, Sandy, you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand straight up like me, man?

SANDY: Eh, mon, do you see that field o' corn over there?

"I do."

"Weel, ye'll notice that the full heids hang down, and the empty ones stand up."—*Glasgow News*.

HEALTH AND REST; NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

THE ONE WHO FILLS THE BILL

"The man who wins my admiration," said the serious girl, "must be one who can stand firm in his convictions in the face of ridicule, opposition and personal danger."

"I see," said Miss Cayenne. "Your ideal is a baseball umpire."—*Washington Star*.

BEGGAR (pitifully): Ah, sir, I am very hungry.

DYSPEPTIC (savagely): Then have the decency to keep your good fortune to yourself. I haven't had an appetite for years.—*London Paper*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

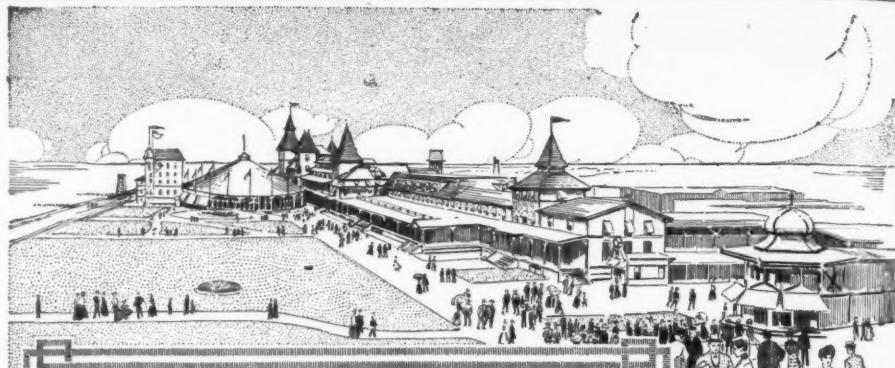
AN AGED Scotsman who was giving his impressions of an earthquake to a stranger said that it seemed to have been an experience to find the crockery jumping off the shelves. "O, ay, mon! It was grand! Ye ken, I've been marrit mony a year, and weel, that's the only thing that has happened in our hoose that the guidwife didna blame me for daein'."—*Tribune*.

FATHER (sternly): So you've failed again in your examinations! How do you explain that?

SON: Because they went and asked me just the same questions as before.—*Translated for Tales from Family-Journal*.

CHURCH: I see they are crying for more missionaries over in Africa.

GOTHAM: Why, those cannibals must be regular gluttons.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



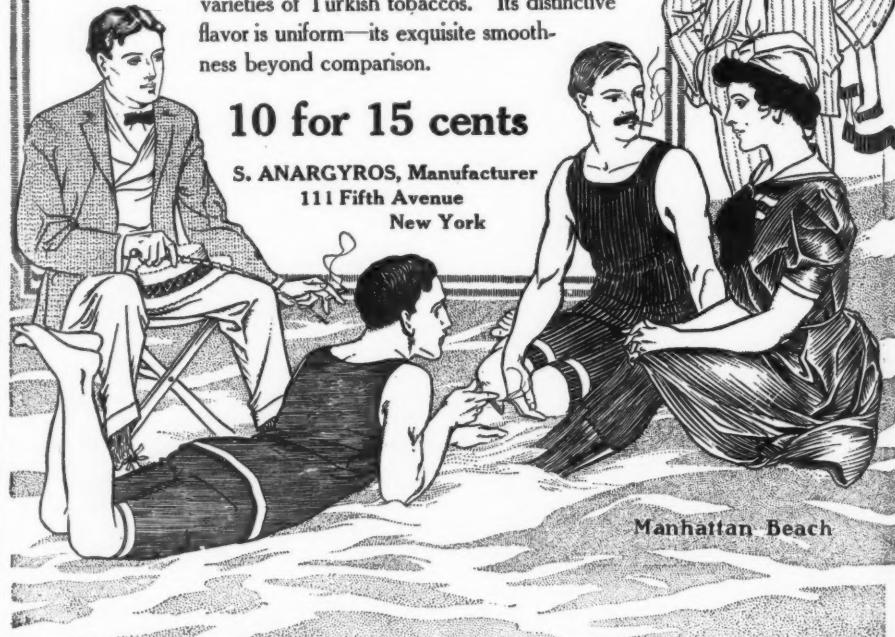
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MURAD CIGARETTES

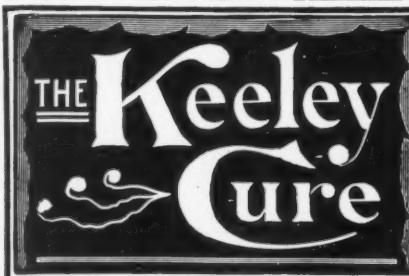
The Murad represents the highest achievement of sixteen years of scientific, harmonious blending of the finest varieties of Turkish tobaccos. Its distinctive flavor is uniform—its exquisite smoothness beyond comparison.

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An illustration featuring a bunch of dark grapes on the left and a bottle of Cook's American Champagne on the right. The bottle has a label with the brand name and 'American Champagne'. The background is a textured, light-colored surface.

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The standard wine of America.

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Suspender Co.,
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Makers of
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cutlets, etc., add to
the gravy one or
two tablespoonsful of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
before pouring it over the
meat.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.



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AT A PLIGHT SUCH AS THIS, I DON'T GIVE R
DARN. THIS RAIL, TO BE SURE,
HAS MORE EDGES THAN FEWER,
BUT THE MOTION IS FINE FOR THE LIVER!"



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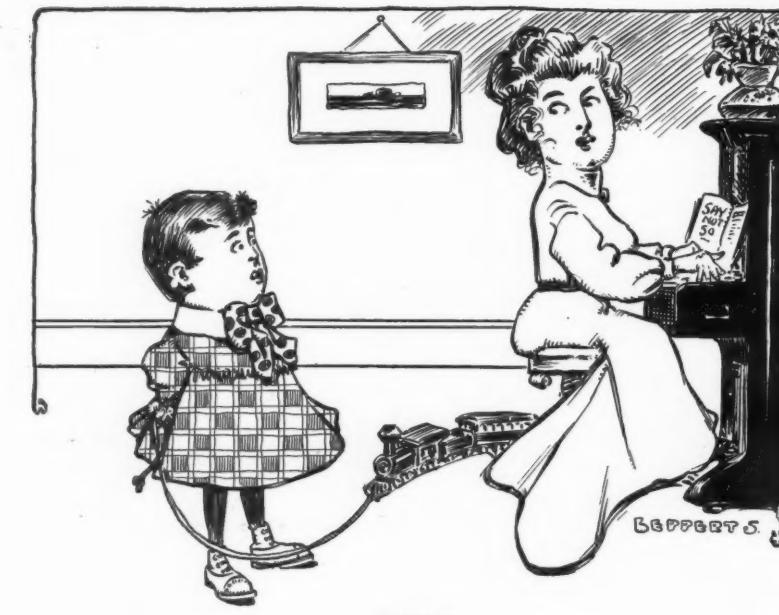
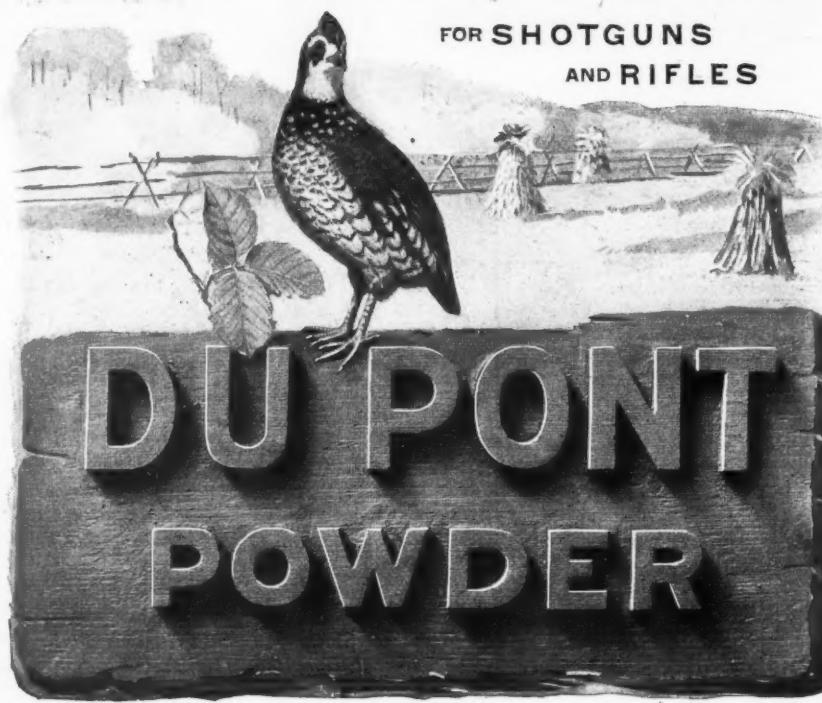
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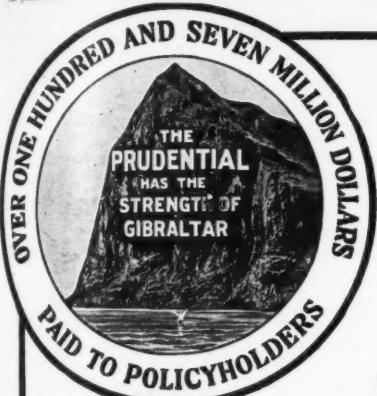
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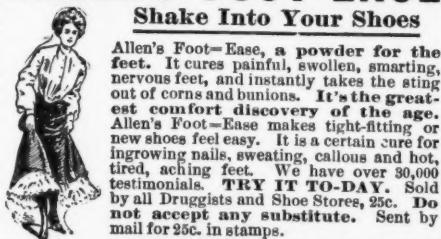


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